GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. "It is the statement of a convict and should therefore be taken with many grains of

allowance." You will find the above paragraph at the tail end of every charge made by a discharged con-vict against the prison management. It is as much as to say that there may be one grain of truth to ninety-nine grains of malice and fals hood. And yet I ask you who should know the inside of a prison better than a prisoner. If there is cruelty, it is practised upon him. If there is fraud, he is generally the sufferer. There is no more justice in accusing him of malice or falsehood in his statements than there is of accusing a farmer who has a grievance against a neighbor. The man who is justly sent to prison bears no malice against the institution or its officers. The prisoner who is treated as the law directs—who finds honest officials about him, who gets what the law says he shall receive, who sees no favpritism practised. leaves with the kindliest alines toward the entire corps of officers.

I have been a State prison convict. I admit without a blush, because the records prove tenced for, and because I was humbly apolorized to in public and indemnified in a financial way. If there is an inducement for a convict whose guilt was conclusive to falsify on coming forth, there can certainly be none for . It was a case of mistaken identity, coupled with my ignorance of the law, which sent me to a prison in one of the Middle States for the term of three years. I was told how much "good time" I could gain by industry and re-spectful deportment, and I entered the place determined to gain every hour possible. I was a country boy without vices. I did not swear, drink, smoke, or chew, nor could any human being justly charge me with any offence against the law. I had been brought up by religious parents, and it may be inferred that I knew what belonged to good manners. It would therefore seem an easy undertaking for me to obey all the prison rules, and stand well in the

obey all the officials,

I was delivered over to the warden by the officer, the usual receipt taken, and then I was registered and enrolled. During this proceed-ing I coughed violently several times, having contracted a severe cold in the jail, where I had lain for seventy days. This seemed to greatly annoy the Warden, and presently he

called out at me:
"Ahl you d—d horse thief, you are preparing to play the consumptive trick, are you? If you cough like that again, I'll have you

I had to cough again. I couldn't have avoided it if he had stood with a knife pointed at my heart. The brute took a step forward and gave me a hearty slap on the mouth, and said to the two mon in the office:
"Boys, you want to keep a lookout on this

cussed rascal! He's come here determined to run this prison, and an occasional dressing down will be the saive for his burns!" I had to cough again before they got through with the register, and on this occasion both

the turnkeys kicked me. When I was led away to the wicket and beyond, the Warden called

the turnkeys kicked me. When I was led away to the wicket and beyond, the Warden called after me:

"I'll see to your case, young man! You may think you know all about running a prison, but I'll soon convince you that you don't!"

I am satisfied that the Warden's action in this case was an exception, sithough I knew of this man misusing many other prisoners on their arrival. The law of that State does not say that a common prisoner shall be put into a dungeon on his arrival. It reserves that punishment for murderers. I was "only a horse thief," looked upon with contempt by the majority of prisoners, but the Warden ordered me placed in a dungeon and kept there for two weeks. This was a matter of astonishment to all the prisoners who knew of the circumstance and to the inside officials. At the end of the fortnight I was brought out and sent to the harness shop. When I was registered my occupation was given as that of a farmer. I had worked at nothing else, and was a poor hand with mechanical tools. The harness shop was run by a State Contractor, and two guards were always present with revolvers in hand. One of them appeared to be a kind-hearted man with a full sense of justice. The other was a browbeater and a nagger. He had opportunities to boss and tyrannize, and he made the most of them. The foreman of the shop set me to work cutting out some pieces of harness by pattern. My eyes were still affected by the terrible darkness of the dungeon, and, having no confidence in myself, I took up the work slowly. I was at a bench between two of the guards, and presently the nagger said to me:

"Did you come here to play gentleman, you d—d thief?"

I looked up, but made no reply. While I knew nothing of the rules of State prison, I

but natural that a man deprived of his liberty will seek to regain it. Prison escapes, therefore, depend only upon opportunities. However, whonever you read of a rebellion in prison you can askely sympathize with the prisoners. It is prison abuses which drive convicts to revert when every four read of a rebellion in prison you can askely sympathize with the prisoners are to be fed on wholesome food, and many of the articles of diet are specified. He is to have fresh meat so often. The provisions are to be substantial and good. The steward and warden can make a "divy" by purchasing cheap and unwholesome provisions, and I opine that there are few prisons in this country where this swindling of convicts is not practised to a greater or less extent.

A reyolt took place in our prison six weeks after I entered it. I did not know what the fare should be. I knew that the provisions were very bad, the meat being very poor and nearly always tainted, and the vegrables hardly fit for cattle, but I supposed that that was as good as was allowed us. The defrauding of the prisoners began about a month before my arrival. Previous to that, for a year or more, there had been no cause for complaint. On the day the inspectors came three good meals were provided, and one of them was heard to remark that we lived better than the free mechanics. I heard a few complaints, but did not suspect that deep dissestisfaction existing. On a certain day, as we marched in to dinner, 50 of the 420 convicts refused to touch dinner, but sat with folded arms. Of course an alarm was at once raised, and in five minutes the Warden was at hand. The silent, dangerous attitude of the men turned his red face whiter than snow. If there was a revolt it would be investigated by the inspectors, and published all over the country. If any one was burt it would not to the men turned his red face whiter than snow. If there was a revolt to would be investigated by the inspectors, and published all over the country. If any one was hurt it would not to the work of t

"Oh, well, you can't expect to have your own way here."
One day my pardon arrived. It had been discovered that I was innocent of the crime, and the Governor lost no time in making me a free man. When I was brought to the Warden's office he was all smiles and palaver. I was the best-behaved prisoner he ever hadglad I was restored to liberty—hoped I would have the best of luck, &c. Three years later, as I was driving on a country highway in a buggy I met him. He began smilling and bowing, but I dragged him from his vehicle and mopped and mauled him until he was in bed for six weeks. Had he still been Warden I should have killed him. As for all among the officers who used me kindly, they wear watches bought with my money.

A Wild, Weird Tale About a Man, a Sanko,

and a Fireproof Safe. Twenty years ago I was the managing clerk in an English merchant's office. My work was heavy. Many nights I sat at my books until into the small hours of the morn-ing. Once or twice I actually dozed off into a cleaned the various rooms coming to her work.

The house I was connected with had a branch establishment in India doing a large business, and many curious consignments of goods, quite outside of our usual articles of commerce, passed through our hands. Priceornaments set with precious stones, collections of stones, botanical specimens, birds, animals -everything, in fact, until at times the contents of the cases, if opened and spread out, would have made a very average museum. one of the ships labelled "To be kept in a mod-

warehouse at the time of its arrival, and the men placed it in the outer office. On my re-

AMONG THE MOLLIE MAGUIRES. The Tought and Murderers who Danced Jigs at a Rattling Mollie Ball. So these were Mollie Maguires, and this

was a Mollie Maguire ball.

Well, they certainly looked like a tough lot, and, as afterward appeared, they were a tough lot, and, as afterward appeared, they were a tough lot, but as to their degree of toughness the writer had no knowledge at the time. He has always been glad of this, for if he had entertained even a faint suspicion of the natural and acquired ferocity of some of the gentlemen who attended the ball the writer would have been willing to travel a long distance over a bad read, and in his bare feet, to get as far away from it as possible. They were the champion toughs: they felt it, they gloried in it, and

proclaimed it by word and action.

In a region intested with Mollie Maguires this was the first ball ever held by them that was so described. It was held at Shenandoah, one of the busiest mining towns in Pennsylvania, and a stronghold at the time, September, 1875, of the Mollie Maguires, for there was a lodge there, and the Body Master, as the chief officer was called, lived there, and lives chief officer was called, lived there, and lives there to-day. Everybody in the town and in the country round knew "Muff" Lawlor, who was this Body Master, though everybody did not know him as such. He obtained his sobriquet of "Muff," not because he was a muff, for in his way he was sharp enough, but from his partiality to a certain breed of chickens, which he kept not for laying but for fighting purposes. "Muff" Lawlor was a cook fighter, and his chickens never turned tail till "Muff" went back on the order of which he had been a

back on the order of which he had been a

"Moff" Lawlor was a cook fighter, and his chickens never turned tail till "Muff" went back on the order of which he had been a shining light, for "Muff" became a "squealer." having more regard for the safety of his own neck than for the necks of those who had often atood up against the little bar in his house until no longerable to fight against his whiskey. The bail was hed lor a special purpose. Three Mollie Maguires were in trouble. They had been caught almest in the act of doing a "clean job." A clean job in Mollie parlance meant a murder, and Eddy Kelly, Jim Doyle, and Kerrigan were caught as they were attempting to escape through the thinly timbered country about Tamaqua after murdering Tom Jones, a popular mining superintendent of Summit Hill, a big mining patch in Carbon county.

The town of Tamaqua will never forget the day this trio of Mollie Maguires was captured and clapped into the little lockup. The whole country was aroused by the murder of Jones, not because his shooting was the first that had occurred, but, on the other hand, because it added one more to a long list of murders, all of which had been committed in the light of day, and some of them under the eyes of hundreds. Yet no convictions had followed these murders, and seldom any arrests, in such terror were the Mollies held. But the murder of Jones was committed as the tide was turning. Influences had been at work to undermine the power of the Mollies, and although they were unaware of it, a detective—the wonderful Mc-Parlan—had been among them for some time, securing evidence that would be certain to secure conviction before a jury that possessed any backbone. Not more than a dozen men all told in the coal region knew of McParlan's presence or of the nature of his calling. Among the Mollies he was known as McRenna, and in appearance, language, and manners—assumed—he was as bloodthirsty a Mollie as breathed. But the dozen men who knew of his mission felt stronger on that account, and the ronfident bearing in time had its effect on those a

fall into the hands of the law was an allbi. Witnesses were always forthcoming to swear that at the time of a murder the person or persons charged with the crime were at such a distance from the piace of its commission that they could not possibly have been the guilty ones. These witnesses were so thoroughly drilled that however ignorant they might be they were always too well grounded in their story to be shaken by the severest cross-examination, and countless instances could be related of the wonderful shrewdness on the witness stand of men and women who could neither read nor write, but still possessed enough mother wit to puzzle able lawyers who were convinced, but were unable to prove, that the testimony was a tissue of falsehoods.

Another precaution nearly always taken by the Mollies in performing a clean job was to put its execution in the hands of men who

The state of the s

in the killing of Thomas Sanger, a mining boss, and William Uren, a miner, at Raven Run, four miles from the scene of the ball. With five other intimate acquaintances he was hanged less than two years after the ball in the sail yard at Pottsville.

Three kegs of beer had been drunk,

"Where's McKenna? Give us the Mollie song, Jim."

The speaker was Tommy Hurley, One month previous to the ball Mr. Hurley had shot and killed Gomer James, a Welshman, at the intersection of the two principal streets of Shenandoah. The Mollies had offered a reward for the blood of Gomer James, as, in self-defence, he had killed one of their number. There were two aprlicants for the reward, but Hurley proved without much difficulty that he was bad, and, if he had been able to read, McParlan, the detective, would never have lived tell his story of Mollie Maguirelam on the witness stand. Hurley opened McParlan's trunk one day, and found in it some correspondence with Pinkerton's Detective Agence, by which he was employed, but the detective was sharp enough to get Mr. Hurley's find into his hands again before irraparable dainage had been done. When the final crash came Hurley took leg ball and esoaped the police. The Sun published an account of his death in Colorado last year, but if the truth were known Hurley is probably alive to-day, for he is a very shrewd young man.

On the night of the ball Hurley was in fine

lished an account of his death in Colorado last year, but if the truth were known Hurley is probably alive to-day, for he is a very shrewd roung man.

On the night of the ball Hurley was in fine spirits, for he had just killed his man, and as a person who had performed a clean job he was held in high esteem. His demand for the Mollie song met with an instant response. McKenna, the disguised detective, stepped to the fore. The fiddler chimed up, and McKenna lifted his voice. The song detailed the prowass of the Mollie Maguires in the face of every difficulty, Each verse began with. "Come all ye jolly frishmen," and ended with a breakdown. McKenna was an accomplished jig dancer. He looked like a Mollie of the Mollies, except that his Wellington boots were of better material and of lighter make than those worn, by his companions. His clothes, however, were not made to order, and he wore a wide-brimmed slouch hat that gave him a rakish air. He wore a moustache and whiskers, and cyeginases. He was always willing to set om up, and hardly a Mollie in the coal region but considered him a very broth of a boy.

Jigs were the order of the evening, though a number of the sentlemen were partial to waitzing. Jim O'Donnell and Mike Doyle attempted to dance a waitz, but did not succeed very well, as O'Donnell insisted that Mr. Doyle should be the lady, and to this Doyle objected. Both Doyle and O'Donnell are fugitives from justice to-day, Both are murderers, and for twelve years they have not sleet in peace, for it is their impression, as it is that of their friends, that the police are still on their track, and they keep moving on—always moving on.

There were other murderers, at the ball also, though every man at it had not a clean job to his credit, James McAlister was one of these distinguished personagos, and he had a very narrow squeak when the vigilantes broke into a house in which he was sleeping a couple of months after the ball, On this occasion his brother's wife and on the thirty-foot wall these hall be proposed of

ABOUT JUDGE FRANCIS.

Daketa Judgeship. R. M. Tuttle, editor of the Mandan (Dakota) Daily Pioneer, was in town yesterday, and he called at THE SUN office to volunteer some information concerning W. H. Francis, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Dakota, who has been requested by President Cleveland to resign. Mr. Tuttle said that the letter requesting his resignation, printed in and that it was well known in Bismarck, where Judge Francis lives, and in Mandan, five miles from Bismarck, that Judge Francis received

the letter in due season, but that he intended to refuse to resign, holding the opinion that he could not be removed. He was formerly a member of the New Jer-

MICKEY FINN'S PUREER.

Finshes of Genius Lighting Up the Humble The supper dishes were cleared away. Mr. Finn sat beside the stove smoking and his son Mickey lenned over the table, with his hands in his hair and an intent look on his freekled per the following:

If the B m t put; but if the B, putting; If this is
thought difficult, what is said to the following: How can
I put; where there is such a-der?

"I can't make anything of it all," said Mick. "Anaything of fwhat?" queried his father.
"Of this puzzle. Th' schoolmaster has a big
red apple for th' b'y as'll bring th' answer on

his slate in th' mornin'."

Mr. Finn laid his pipe on the mantel and looked over it. Solving puzzles was not in Mr. Finn's line. He was a coal heaver. "Sure that thing's all nonsense," said he after a careful survey of the difficulty, adding: What's thim little dots?"
"Thim's colons," said Mickey.

Mrs. Finn, who was washing the dishes. overheard the last remark, and, misinterpreting its meaning, said:
"Ye'd betther stop foolin' wid them printin'
things an' put some coal in th' stove."

Mickey's face lit up with the glad light of discovery. "I hav' it," said he. "That's what the puzzle means—'put coal on." "Aye, b'y, right you are," remarked the elder Finn, while the fire burned low for lack of fuel, and even Mrs. Finn became interested and

looked at the further attempts of the boy with intense admiration of his genius,
"It's a great head ye hav', me b'y," said Mr. Pinn fondly; "but fwhat is thim two little let-thers doing there be thimselves—m t?"

"Impty, is it," said Mrs. Finn. "Shure that's th' short way of tellin' ye th' stove is impty," and she put two shovelfuls of coal upon the fire.
"It's brains ye hav' as well as beauty, Biddy." said Mr. Finn, looking at his boy anxiously, as said Mr. Finn, looking at his boy anxiously, as though expecting a contradiction, which did not come, for Mickey wrote the words out after a worm-fence fashion: "Impty put coal on."

To say that the Finns were pleased would be drawing it mild. They were hilarious. Mike gave his wife a playful dig in the ribs, to which she replied: "There's no fool like an ould fool," but her manner belied her words.

There was silence for fifteen minutes after this in the Finn shanty. Three heads touched each other over the slip of paper, and three pairs of lips muttered inarticulate sentences, but with no definite result. At last the silence was broken by little Mike, who said:

"Well, it's about a stove an coal, anny way."
"It can't be th' stove-lid," said Mrs. Finn.

"Nor th' dure." said the head of the house.
"Thare's th' grate," suggested Mike: "an' that's it, as sure as there's eyes in th' goat."

"How is it?" inquired his parents in unison.
The boy looked at his progenitors pityingly, and assumed a dictatorial attitude.

"Well, we see that B's bigger'n any o' thim other letthers. That manes it's a great B; d'ye seel So th' puzzle so far'll rade like this:"

"Ith' grate be impty, put coal on; but if th' grate be—"

"Is it stuck ye are?" said his father.

The boy was so absorbed in his calculations that he paid no attention to his father, but repeated to himself: "Period putting coal on. That's not right."

"What's bothering ye now, Mickey?" said his mother.

"That little dot after the B," was the reply. though expecting a contradiction, which did

peated to himself: "Feriod putting coal on. That's not right."

"What's bothering ye now, Mickey?" said his mother.

"That little dot after the B," was the reply.

"Arrah, niver mind it, it's only a fly speck."

But the boy knew that the dirt had a meaning of its own, and was not the result of outside circumstances, so he insisted on considering it. Then he got his spelling book and hunted up the punctuation marks. He found, what he had never known before, that each one of these little marks indicated a time duration: that the comma was used as a brief pause, the semicolon a little longer, the colon longer still, and the period was a full stop; a place where the reader could get a full breath before going on. He applied this theory to the puzzle, and a moment later threw his cap against the wall and shouted:

"Th' apple's mine! Th' apple's mine!"

It was a long time before the eider Finns could take in the length and breadth of their boy's analysis. No woman on Cooney Island could drive a closer bargain with a fish peddler than Mrs. Finn, but where it came to understanding the yalue of little black dots on paper she found herself at sea without rudder or compass, and so she accepted her son's solution of the puzzle, and he wrote it out carefully so that she could exhibit it to admiring neighbors on the morrow.

"Ith' grate be impty, put coal on: but if th' grate be full, stop putting coal on."

"Well, that's very well so far as it goes." said Mr. Finn, resuming his pipe and his seat beside the stove. "but thare's a little weavy puzzle on th'ind o' the other wan. Ye didn't make that out yet."

"Oh, ho!" replied the boy: "I won't be long will the Shure I hay' it near all now."

th' ind o' the other wan out yet."

"Oh, ho!" replied the boy; "I won't be long wid that. Shure I hav' it near all now."

"Ye hav', eh? Well. read it."

"How-can-I-put-coal-on-whare-thare-is-

THE MONKEY BARBER HEARD FROM.

The Cooper Institute Artist Comments on Der young fellers vhich come py my shop to got shafed, all der vhile, are grade on dalking apowd der new race uf young laties which has sbrung up all uf a sudden, like ele-

der ministry.
It seems der girls are all fencing und boxing und svimming und valking und rowing und sailing until der average young man, whose brincipal exercise is drying to make bote ends meet, und who does nodings more violent as

lifting peer glasses und changing his shirt dwice a veck. has got to dake a THE MODERN SIRE,

aboud der mans vot von't gif der seats in der horse cars up, vos not galgulated to develop anydings except vot a girl could dake off at

aboud der mans vot von't gif der seats in der horse cars up, vos not gaigulated to develop anydings oxospt vot a girl could dake off at night und blace on a chair in der secrecy uf her bedroom. Der most exercise vot der girls used to dake vos done mit chewing gum and dressing fife times a day.

Sometimes I vish I vos vonce again a young feller so I could dry my hand at courling a modern girl. I aind strong so much, but I dink I could soark a light veight. I could go in draining for it, und dake boxing lessons by my sveetheart. It must peen beculiar to call on a young laty und gid in wited to fence und valk fife miles der bark arount, und all such dings, till your vaistband vont sbeak to your shirt und your glothes hang avay from yourselluf so you can valk arount in your vest mitout touching der sites.

I haf mentioned to my vife, airetty, dot I vould cradely like to peen a young man some more on ackound uf der girls, und she forgets herselluf und says if I vos der same mustardhaired Dutchman I used to peen when she marrit me I vould girl aboud der samo chances mit der girls like a sdatue py der bark. Dot's a funny dings! A man's vife bretends to lote him till! she dinks he has found owd she is not der only voomans is blenty, after all.

Dot Monkey Barber py der negst chair-py chimany hooky! It must peen sex months since I haf mentioned dot feller. [He is dor von voomans in der vorld. After dot shows him dot von voomans in the chair shows and the says he vos choost recovered from courding von uf der new sort uf girls mit muscles like a Langtry bustle on each arm. He hat peen ornamenting her front barlor four or fife veeks, yet, vhen suddenly she asked him uf he had any indentions. Der deal Dot feller neffer vos guilty uf such a dings like an indention. He vent to see her pecause der peer cost nodings vot she gafe him und he vos bleased mit hyr farder's cigars.

"I aind got any indentions," sayt he; "I haf choost run owd uf dem. Is there not somedings else you vould like?" so he vent on mit his chokes.

Chim per



"BO I deceive my ears?" she agreamed;
"no indentions und keebing me home from
fife fencing lessons—to say nodings uf vot der
neighbors vill dink." Und she grabbed him
mit der vindpipe und bainted der vall mit der
hair oil from his head out.

Bresently she grew oxnausted und stood der
poy up in der corner vhile she her sleefes rolled
for der second round up. Der vrightened poy
put owd von hand to safe himselluf.
"Vot!" she sgreamed; "vould you raise your
hand to a voomans? Vould you sdrike a helbless girl? Do dot vonce und I call my farder."
"Oh. blease, for Heaven's sakes, call your
farder," der monkey barber said, but py dot
time she had him py der looseness of his drousers und choost waved him arount like an Indian glub. Der poy brayed for der oit man to
come, dinking he vould sooner take a licking
from him as die py der hand uf der daughter.
Der most of him escabed at last, and crebt py
der dark sdreets home.
"I don't know uf it is true or not, but dot is vot
der poy has been giving me. He got from der
shop off for a veek on ackound of it—vich
makes me dink maype he made himselluf a liar
owd uf me.

HOW JOCKEYS TRAIN.

HOW JOCKEYS TRAIN.

makes me disk maype he made himselluf a liar of the sonewheres, or stove plep, or something like that? Ye see, its like this—if ye try overy rart of the time of the sone is the sone of the time of t

WON ON AN ACE PULL How Toxas Tom Got his Wife by a Dre Poker Game.

From the San Francisco Examiner, Texas Tom is paying San Francisco a visit, Day by day he is seen passing up and down Market street, accompanied by a very pretty woman whom he calls Ray, and who seems very much interested in Tom. The latter is about 21 years old now, but a veteran in experience the heap and is wearing diamonds. His bap-tismal name is Thomas P. Bedmond, but that doesn't make any difference—he is Texas Forn.
to all men. Nobody hereabouts knows the girlbeyond the fact that she is a brunette from the
head waters, has a pair of saucy eyes, and outs as pretty a figure as need be. The other day, an old Western sport turned up and spun this

to all men. Nobody hereabouts knows the girkbers got to dake a
back seat already.

Giris, I am idad to
hear dose dings
abowd you, I hat
always lofed dev
whole sex, and now
I am more broud it
drying to git atrong
of the iongest and hottest sessions I over as any
of the iongest and hottest sessions I over as any
of the iongest and hottest sessions I over as any
of the iongest and hottest sessions I over as any
on asse effer. Der
off the iongest and hottest sessions I over as any
on the iongest and hottest sessions I over as any
own arm in wriding
to der newsbabers
it gif der seat in dar
galgulated to develop

Ton arm in wriding
to arm in development of the iongest and hottest sessions I over as any
own arm in wriding
to der newsbabers
it gif der seat in dar
galgulated to develop

Ton arm in in de searce yit
gif old, who accepted his flash for genulas,
and in the searce yit
is gif even to the searce yit
is gif old seat in dar
galgulated to develop

Ton arm in a young
in charles of the searce yit
is gif old with a courting a
ong so much but I dink
worked a gam and
worked again and a young
in charles of the searce yit
in the searce

of the prospective briderroom. With the turn of the tide Townsend lost his nerve, and in the double ante and freeze-out Texas's coolness and bluff told heavily. The \$50 bits of ivery travelled across the table one by one, and seldom came back. In fourteen hours Townsend called for a sight for his last \$50, and showed down three kings before the draw. Texas had aces up.

dom came back. In fourteen hours Townsend called for a sight for his last \$50, and showed down three kings before the draw. Texas had aces up.

The remaining monarch falled to leave the deck, but a third ace came to Texas.

Townsend staggered to his room and roughly ordered his wife to get out.

"I hope I'll be happier with him than I have been with you," retorted the human stake; as she obeyed.

But the defeated gambler heard her not. He was asleep.

Texas only waited to introduce his winning to Flannagan and injunct that gentleman to hurry up the divorce before he also went to sleep. By the time his long slumber was over the divorce suit was well under way. Forty-eight hours after the final hand was played the twain were made one flesh by a Justice of the Peace.

A few bottles were cracked with intimate friends, and the next day the bridal tour was commenced in a westerly direction.

Townsend went to the station to see them off. and the tears rolled down his cheeks like rain at the parting. Mrs. Redmond paid no heed to his misory, but rather laid on the lash in punishment for the indignity put on her.

Texas only laughed.

"I'll see you again. Texas," threateningly remarked the bankrupt.

"I don't care a — whether you do or not," was the bridegroom's nonchalant answer. I'd advise you not to unless you learn how to play poker or be more of a man in the mean time."

"In Omaia the pair stopped to celebrate," and they tee been celebrating so much that I guess Tom's winnings are tolerably scarce at present, all but the woman; he's got her yet if the cash has melled.

Redmond was approached by a reporter for confirmation of the story, and he frankly admitted the truth of the main features of the story, but would not go into details. Nor would he say whether he was likely to regret having won or not.

RECALLED BY THE RAWSON SHOOTING.

A Tragedy Under the Sindow of a Chienge Church Wall. Prom the Chicago Hall. Church Wall.

Promite Chicago Mail.

The shooting of Banker Rawson in front of the Third Presbyterian Church by his stepsen on Sunday recalls a tragedy that was enacted some twelve years ago, one night, under the shadow of St. Peter's Church wall, on the corner of Polk and Clark streets. There is no similarity in the tragedies except that both cocurred almost in the doorways of churches.

Crouching under the walls of St. Peter's on the night referred to was a young girl. That section of the city was at that time, and is yet, accustomed to such sights, and the patrolman thought nothing of this one. A young man turned the corner on Clark, going west on Polk street, when he was accested by the girl.

A good deal quicker than it takes to tell this he was upon the ground calling for help, and the girl flourished a knife in the sickly glare of the lamp light on the corner, shrieked, and started for the river. She was overtaken and walked to the Harrison street station, for there were no patrol wagons in those days. When she appeared before the officers of the station it was noticed that she was a girl of a singular order of beauty, and that her attire was rich and of a fashion which she did not get from any American plats. She refused to give her name at the time and refused to talk. A reporter told her she had killed her man. Closing her eyes a momentshe slowly and gracefully dropped upon her knees, and the strangest and most patient prayer-came from her lips for forgiveness. Then she plended for mercy for her. Hilly, and then, the foeling which prompted the act coming upon her again, she arose and glouled everher acc with a frenzy that Bernhardt would have liked for a cony. The boy recovered—he was one of the class of that part of the town and his name is of no consequence now. He was infatuated with another girl, and tush had dased the madened beauty to watch for him. There was no prosecution. But some years later, when she was in tatters and ugly and dissipated, she was arrested on suspiction of having some knowl